DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those expiring at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

A DAY AT OKA.

It does not seem like two months since I began writing about my day spent at Oka; but that time has elapsed and I find that I have hardly begun to tell what I saw and heard then, and have not used half the pictures taken by the artist on that occasion. The first article was principally about the genera appearance of Oka, the second about some o the white people in it, or who are remembered in connection with it, and the third about some of the Indians there. Now, as I must bring these remembrances to an end, I will write a few words about some of the buildings there.

There are, or rather were two churches in Oka. But the little Protestant church which was always well filled was torn down by the enemies of the Indians, and afterwards the grand Roman Catholic church was burnt down—by whom has never been satifactorily determined. The latter was one of the most valuable relics of the early days of the country, and its destruction has been generally considered a loss. It has been partially rebuilt, but the Protestant Indians worship in their school-house, which is not large enough to hold half of the congregation.

The artist has given a sketch of the inside of this school-house, with the Rev. Mr. Parent preaching. In this sketch he has introduced a picture of himself—the young man with the moustache immediately above the word "the."

The character of the village is that of many others with better advantages. Any one walking through its streets may see here and there a parcel of boys playing lacrosse or some other game; the pigs and chickens quite at home in the streets; there are ruined houses, and the children gathered around the cart wheel leaning against the house all show how much this village has in common with others.

In the morning the cart wheel forms the background of an interesting scene—that of the Indian girl milking her cow. In the evening every doorstep is crowded with Indian men, women and children, the young folk being predominant. Groups of them are engaged in singing familiar hymns, their sweet mournful voices and the peculiar sounds of their Indian language making them most affecting—as weird as if they were shrieks from a solitary mountain. Beside them may be seen a group of women, whose language of long words seems inadequate to express their meaning as quickly as they desire; for their tongues rattle and chatter and clatter like nothing else in nature. All stop as the visitor passes, and if he is known his "Sogo Es-kain-a-go-a" (Good morning—I hope you are well) will be returned in such a manner that he will have no doubt of the friendly feeling of those he addresses.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT OKA BEFORE THE FIRE.

Before leaving the village I will take you to the sand-banks in rear to view it from there. The road is a dusty one, your foot sinking deep into the hot sand, and the sun glistens on it as on the frozen snow. But when once the top of the elevation is reached the view repays the trouble taken in reaching it many times over. The little village reposes immediately in front, with a thin line of foliage separating it from the majestic river, which continually rolls on its course to join the St. Lawrence, while on the opposite side the level country is spread out with only here and there an elevation to break the view. But now a new object is added to the scene. The steamer is seen crossing over from Como on the opposite side, and I require to run very quickly—in reality while the reader's imagination flies with the speed of lightning—to catch it before it leaves the wharf. It is at the wharf long before I am; but, fortunately, there is a good deal of freight to be put on it to-night, and it delays longer than usual. I just manage to get on board, however, as the steamer has started, hardly in time to bid adieu to those gathered on the wharf to see the artist off. And now as the little village is receding, as the steamer is propelled by the beating paddles and the current as well, we bid it adieu with the hope that the good work going on in its midst may gain and increase, and that its fruit may be seen in eternity.

VIEW OF OKA FROM THE SAND BANK.

MARRIED WITHOUT SHOES.

About twenty years ago a young fellow named Johnson, in the wilds of the Cheat Mountains, in West Virginia, made up his mind to be married.

"But you have not a penny," remonstrated his friends.

"I have two hands. And man was given two hands, one to scratch for himself, and the other for his wife," he said.

On the day of the wedding Johnson appeared in a whole coat and trousers, but barefooted.

"This is hardly decent," said the clergyman. "I will lend you a pair of shoes."

"No," said Johnson. "When I can buy shoes I will wear them—not before."

And he stood up to be married without any thought of his feet.

The same sturdy directness showed itself in his future course. What he had not money to pay for he did without. He hired himself to a farmer for a year's work. With the money he saved he bought a couple of acres of timberland and a pair of sheep, built himself a hut, and went to work on his ground.

His sheep increased; as time flew by he bought more; then he sold off the cheaper kinds and invested in South-down and French Merino. His neighbors tried by turns raising cattle, horses, or gave their attention to experimental farming.

Johnson having once found out that sheep-raising in his district brought a handsome profit, stuck to it. He had that shrewdness in seeing the best way, and that dogged persistance in following it, which are the elements of success.

Stock buyers from the Eastern market found that Johnson's fleeces were the finest and his mutton the sweetest on the Cheat. He never allowed their reputation to fail—the end of which course is that the man who married barefooted is now worth a large property.

The story is an absolutely true one, and may point a moral for hordes of stout, able-bodied men.—*Interior*.

Temperance Department.

MY NEIGHBOR JOHN.

BY. P. H. SEAGER.

As I was driving home from the village one cold evening last winter, I found my neighbor John in trouble just at the bridge. He had evidently got whiskey enough to make him foolish, and so had driven against the corner of the bridge and broken his sled.

John was too far gone to realize what was the matter, but another neighbor, who had reached him before me, was trying to help him and get him home. After some time spent in the biting wind, he got the drunken man into his sleigh, and leaving the broken sled, started for home.

I did not have a very serious experience this time, not nearly so much so as I have had at other times, yet the incident set me to thinking.

Neighbor John sometimes professes great penitence for his fault, especially when he is in danger of suffering any penalty for it; but if you listen to him for a while, you will find that he claims, after all, to be about as good as anybody. His theory is that every man has his little failing, and this chances to be his.

I notice that some of our modern temperance speakers seem to be very much of the same opinion, and have little sympathy with the declaration which classes drunkards with those who shall not inherit the kingdom of God. Indeed, according to them, nobody seems to be particularly to blame, unless it is steady temperance men and church members, who do not exactly fall in with all their methods.

But in the meantime John's ways are a special annoyance to many innocent people. He has more than once found his way into dwellings in the night, to the great disturbance of the occupants. He has gone to school-houses, and insisted upon pouring out a flood of his talk to the annoyance of every one, and the serious alarm of the timid. He has made night hideous in some of the little towns he frequents, so that on some nights there has been but little sleep to be had in [illegible] In the city such things would not be allowed, but we country folks are not always on hand with an officer, and he does a great deal of this business with impunity.

One of the villages did, indeed provide a calaboose, and after an experience or two of its accommodations, it was somewhat remarkable that John, even at the stage when we are expected to believe him no longer accountable, was able to restrain his exuberance while in town, and reserve his howlings for the benefit of the country people along the road.

Once, too, John went so far beyond bounds that the good-natured court exceeded the usual three-dollar fine, and he went to jail to stay till the fine should be paid. Then his wife gathered up her poultry and carried it to market to raise the means of releasing the recreant lord.

But this again suggests an question or two. If this is punishing drunkeness, riot and assault where does the punishment fall? On the guilty party, or his innocent family? Is not some other penalty than a fine needed in such cases?

Again, the law of our State prohibits the sale of intoxicating drinks to habitual drunkards. That John is one of that class is a notorious fact. If any one living within ten miles of him would like to be ignorant of that circumstances, he would scarcely have the privilege. No man can sell him liquor without being aware that he is violating the law.

How is that for our honorable gentlemen engaged in a legitimate business, under the protection of a license from the State?

Moral suasion has been tried upon John, but thus far with no encouraging success. Now admitting that it is nobody's business what he does to himself and his family, on the ground that a man may do what he will with his own, I wonder if everybody else is bound to submit to all manner of annoyances that John may indulge his vile appetite, and the whiskey-seller may add a little to his profits?

Besides, if he should some night kick his wife to death in the presence of their children, as two men did in New York in one night recently, I suppose the most extreme strickler for drunkard's rights would hardly claim that the officers of the law had no call to interfere in that case.

EARLY MORNG AT OKA.

But perhaps we must all wait for that before any one has a right to invoke the protection o the law for the abating of this nuisance. T some it might seem that the occasion for in terference has already arisen, and that th responsibility for the evil is so large that th dram-seller may be called upon to bear hi share, without at all relieving the drunkard o the part that belongs to himself.—*N. Y Observer.*

"ANNIE! ANNIE!"

BY JULIA MONAIR WRIGHT.

Two or three years ago, in the month of September, having left the tea-table, I went out upon the veranda. Presently a member of the *genus* tramp entered the carriage-gate and came up the drive to the house. He was more tidy and decent in appearance than most tramps, and having reached the steps, asked civilly for something to eat. As I procured with apparent readiness, a plate of griddle-cakes hot from the kitchen, he handed me a tin-cup, saying: "Would you give me some hot tea for my wife? She's sick; Annie isn't used to this kind of life; she's a lady, Annie is; she isn't common folks. She came from Baltimore, and she isn't used to anything but the best." Asking him if "Annie" took milk and sugar in her tea, I went in and filled the pint cup, and when he withdraw I preceived that he and the "lady" were camped under the hedge, just outside the large gate. Half an hour later my husband, on his way to an evening meeting, found these tramps still on the road-side. The dews and shadows of [illegible] beginning to rise. The couple had an unusual amount of baggage with them—a valise, two army blankets, and a large shawl. The woman, purple in the face was bowed over in hopeless intoxication. The man was pulling her by the arm, exhortingher, "Annie! Annie! get up! It's late." Seeing my husband, he said: "Poor Annie she's sick; I don't know what's the matter with her. We have travelled too far; she is overcome."

"She is overcome with liquor," was the reply; "she's drunk."

"Not a mite," replied the champion stoutly; "she's a lady."

"She's drunk, my man, and you may cause her death by trying to drag her about in this state. Settle her comfortably, and cover her up well; she'll sleep it off."

"Don't be slanderin' Annie, sir; she's a lady. To think of the likes of her lyin, out all night; Annie! Annie! get up." A little further expostulation effected nothing, and they were left to themselves. Sitting in the library with one window partly open, came constantly to my ear, at about ten-minute intervals, a monotone, "Annie! Annie! get up." And then, when patience seemed gone, the man's voice rose in a shriek, "Annie!!!" and died away presently to rebegin mildly, "Annie! Annie!"

Returning an hour later, my husband found the tramps as before, and again remonstrated: "Come, my man, this poor woman is drunk; let me help you to put her in a comfortable position, or she may die, as the night gets cold."

"Well, your honor, I'll not dispute you any longer. Annie is drunk; it's her failin'; is's what brought her here. Now, I do take a little now and then, but it never makes me drunk; but you see poor Annie gets overcome entirely."

One of the blankets was then spread on the ground, close under the hedge, with the valise on it for a pillow. "Annie" was then stretched on this improvised bed, and covered with the other blanket and the shawl. Her heavy breathing and the strong smell of the whiskey seemed to strike the man, for he said; "It's plain enough she's drunk, sir, an't it! Annie! Annie! wake up, Annie!"

"Let her alone; get under the blanket yourself, and see that she does not get uncovered. By morning you can take her to an eating-house for some hot coffee."

"Well, but Annie is a lady; you can see that for yourself, can't you sir,?"

"How, then, did she come to be in this condition?"

"It was the drop of liquor did it, sir. Annie was in Baltimore, just a beautiful young lady, with silk gowns, and with rings, and a nice house; oh! people didn't look down on her then. But she took to drink, sir, and it went from bad to worse, till she ran off from her friends and nobody cared for her; and then she took up with a common fellow like me. I an't no gentleman, but Annie is a lady; and once she wouldn't a looked at me. Yes, sir, there she is. It's hard, an't it, trampin' and sleepin' under hedges, and called drunk. I always denies it as long as I can, sir, seein' she's a lady."

And what was the appearance of this unfortunate woman? It bore out the testimony of her tramping husband. Her hands were small and beautifully made, covered with worn gloves; the feet that had tramped so many dusty miles were small and slender. As Milton's Satan "looked not less then archangel fallen," so Annie in her lost estate bore the traces of former grace, beauty, and refinement. Here was some gay Baltimore belle betrayed by the wine-cup, which in her folly she may have offered for the ruin of others. Little had she thought when her health was drunk, when she lifted with jewelled hand the wine gleaming brightly in the crystal, that by this sparkling cup she should be hurled down such an abyss of woe that her home and friends should forget her; that low taverns should be her resort while she paused, weary of toiling over dusty roads after a tramp laden with his bags and blankets, and that at night she should lie senseless under a hedge, covered by the hand o charity, while all through the dreary, hours should be sung to her that monotonous cry, rising at intervals to a scream of irritation and apprehension, "Annie! Annie! get up. Annie! Annie! get up. Annie!!!".—*National Temperance Advocate.*

TEMPERANCE THERAPEUTICS.

The London *Times* prints the following important letter from the Honorary Secretary of the London Temperance Hospital, the Rev. Dawson Burns, to hich we invite the special attention of physicians and others interested in the Medical aspect of the temperance question on this side of the Atlantic:

"As you have recently dwelt upon the importance of 'facts' in estimating the use of alcohol in medicine and diet, I beg to lay before your readers the following facts in relation to the in-patients' department of the London Temperance Hospital:

The number of beds is 17, and the number of patients during the five years and a half ended April 30, 1879, was 725. Of these patients the cases cured were 355, and relieved 253; the deaths were 34, or less than 5 per cent. of the whole number. The cases have been fully up to the average in general hospitals, and many of them have been peculiarly severe. They include surgical operations, one of which was a case of Cæsarean section, in which the lives of both mother and child were saved.

"The medical staff have authority under the rules to administer alcohol if they think it needful. They have used this power once only (during the eight months), and their experience has convinced them that in those diseases where alcohol has been considered either necessary or helpful it can be dispensed with safely, and even beneficially. No alcoholic tinctures are used.

"I would also remark that besides the Temperance Hospital there are at least three others these (the Lock Hospital Home of the Rescue Society) it is said:

"'The use of alcoholic stimulants is altogether disallowed; and so far from finding their use at all necessary or desirable, we are convinced, as the result of a quarter of a century's close observation in the Rescue Society's Homes, that the young women are most unquestionably better without them.'

"The greatest service rendered by Lord Bacon to experimental science was the emphasis he laid upon the verification of causes; and as this verification, by comparison, is impossible where medical men are constantly giving alcohol in a mixed state and in conjunction with other medicinal agents the London Temperance Hospital, by excluding the supposed curative agents, is enabling the medical profession to perceive that the value hitherto attached to it is due to superstitious credulity and not to scientific research.

"When the new Temperance Hospital is open the facts bearing upon this most important question will rapidly accumulate, and it will become impossible for the scientific mind to continue the old practice; nor will the benevolent public permit their subscriptions to be expended on articles which are not of real value, but the use of which is attended with great moral peril; so that the sums spent in their purchase are worse than wasted, because conducive to the future injury of the patients and a continuance of the national intemperance. I am, sir, respectfully yours,

"DAWSON BURNS, Hon. Sec.

"London Temperance Hospital, 212 Gower Street, "W. C., June 9."

—*Temperance Advocate.*

MR. PARENT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

THE REV. WM. SEARLES, chaplain of Auburn State Prison, who delivered an address at the Temperance Conference recently held at Thousand Islands, gave the following statistics with reference to criminals: "There are in the United States 44 prisons with an average of 1,000 prisoners, making 44,000 criminals, with an average of ten relatives afflicted by each; making 440,000 who suffer from this source. This long line of sorrow could be traced to one of three causes, viz.: idleness, licentiousness, and intemperance." Many and touching were the illustrations given to show the part that intemperance has played in spreading this blight and moral death over the land.

REV. DR. GUTHRIE says: "Whiskey is good in its own place. There is nothing in the world like whiskey for preserving a man when he is dead. But it is one of the worst things in the world for preserving a man when he is living. If you want to keep a dead man put him into whiskey; if you want to kill a living man, put whiskey into him."

INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE UPON HEALTH.

The following interesting extracts are from an article by Dr. M. Beard in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* on "The Physical Future of the American People":

A fact of special note is that the exceeding cold of our winters compels us to pass a large part of our time not only in-doors, but in rooms overheated with dry air; thus one of the bad features of our climate plays into the hands of the other, reinforcing, extending, multiplying its capacity for evil. The high temperature and unnatural dryness of our closed rooms are both harmful, and are both made necessary by excessive external cold, and by the alternations of heat and cold that produce a sensitiveness of organization which can only find comfort in a somewhat high temperature.

Dryness of the air, whether external or internal, likewise excites nervousness by heightening the rapidity of the processes of waste and repair in the organism, so that we live faster than in a moist atmosphere. The rationale of this action of dryness on living beings—for it is observed in animals as in men—is as follows: Evaporation from the surface of the body is accompanied by dissipation of heat, and by the numerous and complex vital changes of which the evolution and dissipation of heat through evaporation are the results. In a moist atmosphere such evaporation takes place slowly, because the air, being already saturated with water, cannot rapidly take up the vapor that comes from the surface of the body; hence this vapor accumulates in the form of sensible perspiration. A dry atmosphere, on the contrary, is eager and hungry for the bodily moisture and rapidly absorbs it, so that it does not accumulate on the surface, but passes off as insensible perspiration. Hence the paradox that we perspire the least when we are apparently perspiring the most; on sultry August days our clothing is soaked, because the moisture of the body has no chance for ready escape, and consequently the vital changes that produce the moisture are obstructed and move with corresponding slowness. A day that is both moist and warm is hotter to the nerves of sensation and far more oppressive than a far warmer day that is also dry, for the conversion of the fluids of the body into insensible vapor, which process takes place so rapidly in dry air, is attended with escape of bodily heat, which gives relief.

Dryness of the air is the main cause of the long-observed leanness of the Americans as compared with the Europeans. We are taller, thinner, lanker, than the original stock in England and Germany, mainly because in our dry atmosphere we so rapidly evaporate; the animal fluids disappear into the aerial fluids; we have little chance to accumulate fat. Remembering that the body is composed mostly of water, it is clear that rapid evaporation must be attended by a rapid loss of bodily weight. A thousand Americans, taken at random, weigh less on the average than a thousand Englishmen or Germans of the same ages and social status; even the dark aborigines, in spite of their indolence, were almost always lean.

Our habits and institutions, so far as they are distinctively American,—rapid eating, eager quest for gold, exciting revivals and elections,—are the product of a dry atmosphere and extremes of temperature combined with the needs of a new country and a pioneer life. We are nervous, primarily, because the rapid evaporation in our dry, out-door air and in our overheated rooms, for reasons above given, heightens the rapidity of the processes of waste and repair in the brain and nervous system, and the exhausting stimulation of alternations of torrid heat and polar cold; and, secondarily, because this nervousness is enhanced by the stress of poverty, the urgency of finding and holding means of living the scarcity of inherited wealth, and the just desire of making and maintaining fortunes. We cannot afford to be calm; for those to whom the last question is whether they shall exist or die there is no time or force for acquiring plumpness of the body. Not how shall we live? but can we live at all? is the problem that almost every American is all his life compelled to face.

Susceptibility to alcohol and tobacco is one of the most striking characteristics of the many evidences of American nervousnes. We cannot bear these stimulants and narcotics as our fathers could; we cannot bear them as can the English, or Germans, or French; indeed, all the Old World can both drink and smoke more than the Americans. Even coffee can be indulged in with freedom only by a minority of the population in the Northern States, and a cup of weak tea is for many a sure prescription for a wakeful night. Foreigners travelling and sojourning here must be far more cautious than is their wont with the purest and mildest liquors; while Americans, when long abroad can often partake of the native wines, and a little of stronger liquors, to a degree that at home would induce intoxication, perhaps lead directly to the symptoms of alcoholism. In truth this functional malady of the nervous system which we call inebriety, as distinguished from the vice or habit of drunkenness, may be said to have been born in America, has here developed sooner and far more rapidly than elsewhere, and here also has received earlier and more successful attention from men of science. The increase of the disorder has forced us to study it and to devise plans for its relief.

All of the above reasons apply to the Northern and Eastern portions of the United States, far more than to the Southern States or to Canada. In the South, particularly in the Gulf States, there are not the extremes of heat and cold, nor the peculiar dryness of the air, that have been described. The Southern winters are mild, with little or no snow and abundance of rain and dampness, while the summers are never as intensely hot as in the latitude of Boston and New York. Throughout the year the Southern climate is both more equable and more moist than that of the North. Herein is explained the most interesting and suggestive fact, that functional nervous diseases of all kinds regularly diminish in frequency and variety as we go South. Canada has extremes of temperature, but more of steady cold than the States, while the air is kept moist by numerous rivers, lakes, and the wide extent of forest; it does not therefore share, to any marked degree, in the nervousness of the Northern United States.

THE MEDICINAL VALUE OF FLAX-SEED.

At the recent meeting of the American Dermatological Association, Dr. Sherwell read a paper on "The Use of Linseed and Its Oil as Therapeutic Agents in Diseases of the Skin." Every dermatologist, he said, had seen the necessity of introducing fats into the system, and hitherto almost the only available hydrocarbon had been cod-liver oil. This disagreed with many patients, and was also open to a number of other objections; while, in the more palatable form of the commercial emulsions now frequently employed, he did not consider it trustworthy. A more assimilable fat was therefore desirable, and he thought he had discovered it in the flaxseed. Linseed tea is a well-known domestic remedy in this country. He had been induced to try its use by observing the beneficial effects of linseed cake upon cattle and horses, both in making their coats sleek and improving their general condition; and his experience had shown that the agent was of equal service to the human economy. He was in the habit of employing it in a threefold administration. 1. If the patient were a male and had sound teeth, the seed itself was the best form in which to take it. The man could carry about ten ounces of this in his pockets, and would probably consume a teacupful in the course of a day. The ordinary domestic linseed was small and dark in color, and contained only about twenty per cent. of oil; while that from Bombay or Calcutta (which was the kind recommended) was larger, lighter in color, and contained about thirty per cent. of oil. 2. In the case of women or children the ground seed, mixed with milk in the form of a porridge, was more desirable, and was unpalatable to very few persons. 3. In certain cases it could be given in the form of bread, although he did not consider this method quite so efficient as the others. The bread could be made by mixing linseed meal with flour in any proportion desired. This was suggested by Dr Piffard.

When linseed was eaten, a natural emulsification was performed with the recent oil found in the stomach, and it had been established by chemists that a recent oil was much more active than one which had been long exposed to oxidation. The hulls also served to stimulate the peristalic action of the intestines. He believed that it had specific virtues in dry and scaly diseases of the skin both on account of its special action upon the sebaceous secretion and its effect in improving the general condition of the patient. Dr. Sherwell gave four cases of skin disease of great obstinacy and severity, in which its curative influence was most happily shown. The seed was given internally in one of the forms above mentioned, and the oil applied externally. The lubricating effect of the latter was most admirable and it had the advantage over most other oils of not becoming rancid when exposed to degraded epithelium. In eczema he was in the habit of wrapping the parts effected in a number of folds of linen saturated with it. He believed that flaxseed is a specific remedy for the sebaceous glands, increasing their secretion when it was diminished, and restoring it to its natural character when it had been altered by disease. Dr. Van Harlingen, statid that he had used linseed in one case in the form of oil internally; but however stated he thought there was no beneficial result from it. This, he said, might possibly have been due to the fact that he used the ordinary domestic oil, and not that made from Bombay linseed. Dr. Piffard said he had used the linseed oil internally, and he thought it was better than cod-liver oil in many respects. Cod-liver oil itself was fattening, while the iodine which it contained was just the reverse of this; and he thought this might explain why it was that it was impossible to fatten some persons on cod-liver oil. The linseed, he believed, contained no starch, and it was, therefore, especially useful in diabetic patients with skin trouble, as well as affording an agreeable change of diet to them. The taste of this seed was not agreeable, to many individuals at first; but it was at all events much more agreeable than cod-liver oil.

Dr. White remarked that the so-called breads for diabetics invariably contained a certain amount of starch, and, therefore, if linseed was really free from starch, it was an important point to remember.

In the Biological Society of Paris, Dr. Delaunay has recently communicated a series of investigations he has made concerning the curious partiality all civilized nations show for the "right side." We read and write to the right, we turn to the right when passing somebody in driving or riding on horseback; we like to have the wall to the right, when walking or running in an enclosed room; we deviate to the right from the straight line when walking blindfolded, etc. This partiality, however, the Doctor does not consider as a mere incidental agreement, but as a natural instinct. It begins to show itself when the child has reached the third year of age, and it does not leave man until he becomes debilitated by old age or insane. With insane people the instinct is reversed; they keep to the left, and in lunatic asylums it is generally considered a good symptom, an indication of a return to the normal state, when the partiality for the right side reappears with a patient. Some of the applications which M. Delaunay makes of this instinct are rather fanciful, but others are very interesting. Thus, we do not doubt that he is to some extent right when he asserts that it has played a certain role in the migrations of mankind. Placing one's self with the face to the south, to the sun, whence the light comes, west is to the right, and to the west all migrations have gone, certainly from other reasons too, but instinct.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Influence of Brain Work on the Growth of the Skull and Brain.—Messrs. Lacassagne and Cliquet communicated in an interesting paper on the subject to the *Société de Méd. Publique et d'hygiène professionnelle.* Having the patients, doctors, attendants, and officers of the Val de Grace at their disposal, they measured the heads of 190 doctors of medicine, 133 soldiers who had received an elementary instruction, 90 soldiers who could neither read nor write, and 91 soldiers who were prisoners. The instrument used was the same which hatters employ in measuring the heads of their customers; it is called the conformator, and gives a very correct idea of the proportions and dimensions of the heads in question. The results were in favor of the doctors; their frontal diameter was also much more considerable than that of the soldiers, &c. Nor are both halves of the head symmetrically developed: in students, the left frontal region is more developed than the right; in illiterate individuals, the right occipital region is larger than the left. The authors have derived the following conclusions from their experiments. 1. The heads of students who have worked much with their brains are much more developed than those of illiterate individuals, or such as have allowed their brains to remain inactive. 2. In students, the frontal region is more developed than the occipital region, or, if there should be any difference in favor of the latter, it is very small; while, in illiterate people, the latter region is the largest.—*London Medical Record.*

Sleep is the Best Stimulant.—The best possible thing to do when you feel too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed, and sleep for a week if you can. This is the only recuperation of brain-power, the only actual recuperation of brain-force, because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes or burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. More stimulants supply nothing in themselves. They goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are sometimes so near death by thirst and starvation that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over.

DOMESTIC.

Fruit Upon the Table.—Good fruit upon the table is an excellent appetizer, says Coleman's *Rural.* It add largely to the pleasure of eating. It promotes good health, kind feelings, and makes one more social and talkative at meal time. We should be glad to see the time arrive when ripe fruit would come as regularly upon the table as bread and butter. It would make people healthier, happier and better. Really, farmers have no excuse for not raising most kinds of fruit. They have the land on which to plant them. They can find a little time to plant and care for them, and they will be better paid than if the time had been devoted to almost anything else.

Baked Chicken Pie.—Line a deep dish with a moderately thick paste. Having cut up your chickens, and seasoned them to your taste with salt, pepper and (if you like it) mace and a little grated nutmeg, put some pieces of cold ham between the chicken, and if you have some oysters you will find them a great addition to your pie; also a few yolks of hard boiled eggs. Fill the dish two-thirds full of cold water and pieces of butter rolled in flour. Put the top crust on, cutting a hole in the centre of it. Cut out of the paste some handsomely shaped leaves, which lay around the edge of your pie. You may also form a rose to lay in the centre.

Firm Butter without Ice.—In families where the dairy is small, a good plan to have the butter cool and firm without ice is by the process of evaporation, as practiced in India and other warm countries. A cheap plan is to get a very large sized, porous, earthen flower pot, with extra large saucer. Half fill the saucer with water, set it in a trivet or light stand—such as is used for holding hot irons will do; upon this set your butter; cover the hole in the bottom of the flower pot with a cork; then dash water over the flower pot, and repeat the process several times a day, or whenever it looks dry. If set in a cool place, or where the wind can blow on it, it will readily evaporate the water from the pot, and the butter will be as firm and cool as if from an ice house.

A Combination Dinner.—If possible buy a round of solid beef, the larger the better, as the meat will always be useful afterwards; say ten pounds. If an inferior piece of meat must be put up with, tie it securely with twine, as nearly as possible in the shape of a round, and trim it neatly. Put it in the stock-pot, with cold water in the proportion of a gallon to every three pounds of beef. Let it come to a gentle boil, skim it well and add a little water from time to time to bring up the scum. When thoroughly skimmed add two or three onions with a clove stuck in each, four carrots, four turnips, a parsnip, and two or three heads of celery. Let all boil gently for about three hours. Then take the meat out and put in a moderately hot oven to brown. Let the broth boil a little longer, skim carefully and strain through a cloth, and when the meat is nicely brown both are ready to be served. The soup is improved by slices of bread slightly toasted, being served in it; and if cabbage is liked, a large cabbage may have been boiled in the soup, and served afterwards with the carrots and turnips neatly ranged around the beef. The cabbage should be boiled in salt water for five minutes before being put in the broth, in order to remove the strong oder. The beef may be served without being put in the oven at all, but it is greatly improved in appearance by being nicely browned. There is one other kind of soup which I shall describe, as being very analogous in nature to the *pot-au-feu*, and as offering the same convenience of supplying two dishes in one. It is the Scotch broth, and has the same use in Scotland, and may have in this country as the *pot-au-feu* has in France. Many people like boiled mutton who do not like boiled beef. And the manner of preparing Scotch broth substitutes the mutton for the beef. The mode of procedure is nearly the same as in the *pot-au-feu*, but the soup or broth obtained is not as good. Put a piece of the neck or breast of mutton in the stock pot, add cold water in the proportion of a quart of water to a pound of mutton, and an ounce of barley for every quart of water. Let it boil slowly, skim carefully; then add carrots, turnips, onions and celery as before, and a bunch of herbs, and let it simmer for an hour only. Serve the soup and meat separately as before; or if desirable, the meat may have been cut into squares an inch thick and served in the broth.—*Christian Union.*

LITTLE FAITH.

BY MRS. WALTON, AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN."

(*From Sunday at Home.*)

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

Time passed on, and still no one came.

What could they be doing? Where could her father have taken them?

The church clock struck five; it was getting dark now. Faith could only dimly see the form of Mrs. Gubbins stretched in the corner of the attic. She did not know what to do. Mrs. Fraser would be expecting her at home, and would wonder that she had stayed so long, and yet she could not bear the thought of not seeing her father after all. Was there no one who could tell her anything about him? No, she could not think of any one. The people downstairs were new-comers, and probably did not know anything whatever of the inhabitants of the attic. There was no one but Mrs. Gubbins. Should she awake her and ask her, or should she go away without hearing of her father?

Faith decided to go away; but when she was half way down the stairs she changed her mind; it would be terrible to wait till to-morrow to know what was the matter with her father. All night long she would be wondering where he was, and she would lie awake thinking of him, she was sure of that. For a very dreadful thought had crossed her mind. Was her father dead, and had Mrs. Gubbins sent the children to the workhouse? The more Faith thought of this, the more she felt afraid that this was what was the matter. She could not go home without knowing the truth. So she went back again, and knocked once more, very loudly, at the attic door. She hoped that Mrs. Gubbins would awake, and come to the door, and then she could speak to her there without going inside.

But no sound was to be heard within, though Faith repeated her knock three or four times. So she opened the door, and went into the attic again. Mrs. Gubbins was lying just as Faith had seen her before; she did not seem to have moved at all.

"I shall have to speak to her," said the child to herself; "she seems so very sound asleep."

She crossed the rotten floor, trembling at the noise she made, and went up to where Mrs. Gubbins was lying.

Then Faith stood still for a minute, and prayed. She took it to the Lord in prayer. She asked her Friend to stand by her, and help her, and not to let Mrs. Gubbins hurt her.

As she prayed she happened to look up at the skylight window, and there, looking down into the dark, dismal attic, was a bright and beautiful star. Little Faith looked at the star, and it seemed to be smiling at her, she thought. It seemed like the loving eye of the Lord Jesus watching her, and she thought she heard Him asking her that question again, "Little Faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Oh, what strength it gave her! Faith felt that her prayer was heard. Jesus was by her side, and he would help her. She would be no longer afraid.

"Mrs. Gubbins!" said Faith in a whisper; "Mrs. Gubbins!"

But Mrs. Gubbins did not hear.

"Mrs. Gubbins! Mrs. Gubbins!" she repeated, much louder than before.

But no answer came.

"Mrs. Gubbins! Mrs. Gubbins!" She almost shouted the words this time, but still the old woman did not move. "How very sound asleep she must be" thought the child.

It was nearly dark now, so that Faith could only just see Mrs. Gubbins' face, but she fancied that her eyes were not quite closed. One hand was hanging out from under the blanket close to Faith, and the child took hold of it, thinking that she would be able in this way to arouse the old woman from her heavy sleep.

"WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

But she had no sooner taken Mrs. Gubbins' hand than she started back in terror. The hand was icy cold. Faith had never felt anything like it since Mother Mary died. She remembered how she had crept to Mother Mary's side the night after she died, not liking to go to sleep without giving her a kiss as usual, and then she remembered how startled she had been to find her so very, very cold, for she had never seen death before. And now Mrs. Gubbins' hand felt just like that, just as cold, just as motionless. Could Mrs. Gubbins be dead?

Faith ran to the door, and down the stairs as fast as she could

"What is it? what's the matter?" said a woman who was coming out of her room on the next landing, and heard Faith's quick footstep, and saw by the light of her candle how pale and frightened the child looked.

"Oh, please," said little Faith, "I wish you'd come upstairs; I believe she's dead!"

"Dead! Who's dead!" said the woman. "What is it, child? tell me who's dead?"

"Mrs. Gubbins," said Faith, "the old woman as lives upstairs; haven't you never seen her passing by?"

"What! that old woman as is always going out for drink? Ay, I've seen her," said the woman.

Two or three more women came out of their rooms at this moment, and they all agreed to go upstairs with Faith.

The woman with the candle went first, and flashed its light on the old woman's face.

"Yes, she's gone," she said solemnly; "she's gone, poor thing! Dear me, has she never anybody belonging to her?"

Faith told them in a few words who she was, and asked them if they could tell her anything of her father and the children. One woman told her that they had left the house together last Tuesday afternoon, and had never been seen since, but where they had gone, no one knew. Another woman said Mrs. Gubbins had been backwards and forwards several times the day before with a bottle in her hand, but none of them had seen her at all to-day.

Then they talked together about what was to be done. The news had, by this time, spread all over the house, and throughout Belfry Row, and quite a crowd of people filled the little attic—mothers with babies in their arms, troops of noisy, dirty children, and one or two idle and ragged men.

After much talking, and after many exclamations of horror, and after each person had separately related when was the last time that he or she had seen Mrs. Gubbins, and when they had also all related, in turn, what had been the exact state of their feelings of horror and surprise when they had been summoned to the attic just now, and had been told that she was dead,—they came to the conclusion that Jem Payne, one of their number, should go at once to the parish officer, and report the case to him, and leave all further steps in the matter in his hands.

When all this was settled Faith turned to go; she was very glad to be able to leave the attic and to go homewards. She felt very awe-struck and solemn as she walked home, and she could hardly realize it yet. Mrs. Gubbins dead! alone in the attic dead! And her father gone, she knew not where! It all seemed too strange and too dreadful to be true.

Faith was very glad when she reached Mrs. Fraser's house and was able to tell all that had happened to the kind old lady.

"Oh, Faith," said Mrs. Fraser, when she had heard it all and they were talking it over together, "may God keep you, my dear child, from the love of drink. It is a terrible thing when a man drinks, but, oh, I think it is worse when a woman drinks."

"Mrs. Gubbins didn't always drink so bad," said Faith, "but she's got worse and worse lately."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fraser, "people always get worse and worse. Satan tempts them and then they yield, and then he tempts them again, and they yield again, and he gets a greater hold on them every time. Only God's grace, little Faith, can enable a drunkard to lose his love for drink; nothing else will do it. Pledges alone cannot do it, resolutions alone cannot do it, nothing but God's grace helping him can keep him from falling. Does your father drink, little Faith?"

"Oh, no," said Faith, "*never*—not a drop he doesn't. He always brought every penny he took home to Mother Mary, and then when she was dead to Mrs. Gubbins. Oh, poor father, I wonder where he is?"

"Do you remember that verse, Faith," said Mrs. Fraser: "'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it?'"

The child thought she had heard it before, but she did not know it perfectly, so Mrs. Fraser found it for her in her Testament and let her learn it.

"Now, little Faith," she said, when the child had repeated the verse correctly, "God knows where your father is. He sees him at this moment, just as you see me. He sees what he is doing, and what the children are doing. He knows the name of the place they are in, and the name of the street, and the num

ber of the house. He knows all about them, whether they are ill or well, or in want or comfort. Now, little Faith, you would like very much to know about all this too; wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes," said little Faith, "that I should, ma'am!"

"Very well," said Mrs. Fraser, "then we will kneel down and ask God to tell you, and then, if it is good for you to know, I am quite sure, little Faith, that in some way or other He will help you. Little Faith, can you believe that?"

"Yes," said the child, "I think I can."

So Mrs. Fraser and Faith knelt down together. It was a very simple prayer, so simple that Faith could understand every word of it. Mrs. Fraser took all the trouble to the Lord in prayer, telling Him the sorrow of little Faith's heart, and how she longed to know where her father was, and asking Him, if he saw it would be good for her, to let her know.

"Now, Faith," said Mrs. Fraser, when they rose from their knees, "having done this, you must leave the matter with God, who knows best. Do not trouble about it any more, because if you do that, you will show plainly that you do not trust Him. Go about your work patiently, and whenever you are tempted to be sorrowful, you must think that you hear the Lord Jesus saying to you, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?' If you only trust Him, really trust Him, an answer will come. I am sure of that."

Little Faith wiped away her tears, and went downstairs with a bright and cheerful face. She had taken her trouble to the Lord in prayer, and she had left it with Him.

Now she had nothing to do but to wait patiently for the answer.

CHAPTER VII.—FOUND AT LAST.

It is never easy to be patient, and as days and weeks and even months went by and Faith heard nothing of her father, sometimes her faith failed her. She wondered if, after all, God would answer her prayer. But Mrs. Fraser always cheered her, and encouraged her, and told her she must be willing to wait God's time.

The child was very happy in Mrs. Fraser's house, and day by day she was becoming more useful as a servant. Ellen had great pleasure in teaching her how to do all kinds of house-work, and in training her in habits of neatness and order.

The six months during which Mrs. Fraser had promised to keep her, were almost ended, but the old lady did not seem at all inclined to look out for a situation for Faith. She told the minister that the child was too young to go amongst strangers and to do hard work, and that she would like to keep her in her own house, to pay her wages, and to train her until she was older and stronger. Faith was very thankful when she heard of this kind offer, for she was quite sure that she would never be so happy anywhere as she was in Mrs. Fraser's house; all went on so peacefully and happily there from day to day. The mistress was thoughtful and considerate for the comfort of her servants, and the servants loved their kind mistress, and would not have grieved her for the world. Every morning and night they prayed together, and took their wants, and sins, and sorrows, to the Lord in prayer.

Ellen found in Faith a very willing little helper in her work. She never idled away her time, but did her work cheerfully and well. When she was sent on an errand she went as quickly as she could, and never stopped to talk or gossip on the way.

One bright September morning, just six months after Faith had come to live with Mrs. Fraser, Ellen sent her to a shop at some little distance from home, to buy something that was needed for dinner.

It so happened that in order to get to this shop Faith had to pass down the market-place. It was so strange to see everything there looking just the same as it did in the days when she and her father used to stand behind the toy-stall three times a week. The country people were hurrying past as usual, the sweet stall and the gingerbread stall were still surrounded by children, the stocking man, the boot-lace man, and the basket man were still loudly calling to the passers-by to come and examine their wares.

Faith stopped for a moment before the place where her father's stall had stood. A new toy stall was there in its place, and a man was standing behind it, and his little girl was helping him to sell his goods, just as she had always helped her father.

"I wonder if they have taken much to-day?" said Faith to herself.

The little girl looked pale and tired, she thought, and the man did not seem to be in very good spirits.

Faith had sixpence of her own in her pocket, and she determined to spend it at the stall. Perhaps they would be as glad as she and her father would have been, on one of those long, tiring days which now seemed so far away. So she went up to the stall, and bought a new sixpenny comb.

The little girl smiled, and seemed so pleased to get the sixpence, that Faith went on with a light and happy heart.

She had nearly passed the old church when she heard some one calling her, and, looking round, she saw the owner of the basket stall waving his arms, and heard him calling "Faith!" at the top of his voice. She ran to him at once to see what he wanted.

"Here, my lass," said the man, "have you ever heard aught of your father?"

"No," said little Faith, "not a word."

"Well," said he, "my Matty said as she saw him go by the other day."

"Oh, where," cried little Faith, "where did she see him? Was it here?"

"Oh, no," said the man, as he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, "Matty won't never come here no more; you remember Matty, don't you?"

"Is she your little girl that used to come with you?" said Faith.

"Ay," he said, "the same; but she's very badly now; she'll never come no more, so the doctor says!"

"I'm so sorry," said little Faith. "Would you mind telling me where she saw my father?"

"She saw him pass the window. I was out at the stall, but when I came in, 'Father,' she says, 'I saw the toy stall man, who used to be next to us, go by to-day; he must live somewhere's here.' She never forgets folks' faces, doesn't Matty. Go and see her; she'll tell you all about it."

He told Faith where he lived, and then she hurried on to make up for lost time.

Was her prayer really going to be answered at last? It was a very happy thought, and it was with a very bright face that she carried the good news to Mrs. Fraser. The old lady was very glad to hear it, though she told Faith not to be too sure that by this means she would find her father, but to believe that even if it did not come now, still God's answer to her prayer would not stop away a single day after God's time came.

That afternoon Mrs. Fraser gave Faith leave to go to Trundle street, where little Matty lived, that she might hear all that the child could tell her.

It was a dark, dismal street, full of high houses let off in rooms, and was very much like Belfry Row, Faith's old home. The room to which the basket man had directed her to go to, was on the ground floor on the left hand side of the door.

Faith knocked gently, and a voice within said; "Come in; they are all out but me."

So Faith opened the door and went in. It was a low, dark room, and at first, Faith could hardly see who or what was in it. There was not much furniture, but the room was almost filled with baskets of various sizes and shapes and colors, so that there was very little space to move about in it.

On a bed, close to the window, a little girl was lying. She was propped up with pillows, so that she could see what was passing in the street. She was about Faith's age, or a little older, but she was so very thin and small that Faith could easily have carried her. When the door was first opened she coughed very much, and seemed in much pain.

"Why, it's Faith," she said, as soon as she could get her breath. "I remember you at the stall. How did you know where we lived?"

"Your father told me," said Faith. "He said you had seen my father go by, and I wanted to hear about it, because I can't find him anywhere."

"Yes," said Matty; "it was yesterday that he went by; he's never been past before, because I see every one that goes by from my window. He had a breakfast-tin in his hand, and it was just about seven o'clock in the evening."

"Are you quite sure?" said little Faith.

"Yes, quite sure," said Matty, "as sure as sure can be. There isn't a many men as have only got one arm, and I know his face so well, too."

"I wonder if he'll come again?" said Faith, trembling with excitement. "If he does, Matty, do you think you could rap at the window and stop him, and tell him where I live, and how much I want to find him?"

"Ay! I'll do that," said Matty; "it's nice to be able to do anything for any one."

"Yes," said little Faith; "it must be dreadful to lie still all day. Are you always alone, Matty?"

"Yes, till father comes in," she said. "But he tidies the room up, and makes all nice before he goes. He puts all ready for me on this little table close beside me, and Mrs. Evans, who lives upstairs, comes in sometimes. She is very good; she boils my kettle on her fire."

"But you must be very lonely," said Faith.

(To be Continued.)

The Family Circle.

A POOR LITTLE MOTHER.

Once a lady dressed in black and red
Tucked her little children safely in their bed.
A green leaf curling over was all the roof they had,
But the softly singing breeze and the sunshine made them glad.

Off flew the little mother through the pleasant summer air;
She never thought of danger, nor felt a single care.
A grassy glade, a hill-top, and then a field of clover
This little dame in black and red went flying gayly over.

But in a pretty garden, where grew a red, red rose,
The little lady lighted to nestle and repose;
As soft as fairy velvet, and oh, so red and sweet
Were the fragrant leaves around her and underneath her feet.
Out tripped a merry maiden along the garden gay,
The red, red rose to gather, to the little dame's dismay.
She drowsily came creeping from out sweet rose-leaf land,
And stood a moment thinking on the merry maiden's hand.

The little maid laughed softly, she was so full of glee,
Held up her dimpled finger, and clear and loud called she:
"Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home!
Your house is on fire, and your children will burn!"
Off flew that little mother in terror and wild dread
Across the hill and grassy glade and field of clover red.

Her little wings were aching, her anxious spirit drooped,
When at the tiny portal in breathless fear she stooped,—
There lay her little children all *snugly* tucked in bed,
Yes, safe and sound, and sleeping with the green leaf overhead!

—Mary L. Bolles Branch; St. Nicholas for July.

KRIPPY SWEET,

BY MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS,

Two little girls were sitting on the roadside binding a cluster of autumn flowers together with strips of grass.

"You do!" exclaimed the youngest in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, as sure as you live I mean to; but you must never tell, for it isn't nice to have folks say 'There is Lilly Dayton, she's going to be a missionary when she grows up;' what shall you be, Krippy?"

"I don't know, I'm sure;" said she, with a funny little sigh, and her brown, curly head perched on one side like a little bird; "I don't know, Lilly, but I think I shall be a woman."

"Oh, you silly girl; of course you'll be a woman; girls are always women unless they die of diphtheria or croup or something."

"I don't mean a woman like Marty, who whips her children and wishes they were dead, but a real woman—woman with a small voice like your aunty's, and kind ways, and pretty, soft dresses, and time to do things for other people."

Lilly stared at her companion for a moment, and then went on weaving her flowers together.

"You are very funny, Krippy," said she, "but I think it is nice to be a missionary, because some my father knows sends him letters, and we have a picture of their house, with the funniest native servants standing about; you don't have to work much, and the children are all sent home to be educated and the churches pay for it, and such pretty things as they get you never saw; those roses in our house were sent home by papa's friend; don't you like pretty things from foreign countries, Krippy?"

"Some things; but I mean to go and see them for myself when I earn money enough."

"How can you, and you such a little mite? I am only one year older and see how tall I am."

Lilly drew herself up, scattering the flowers about her.

"Yes," said Krippy, in her honest fashion, "you are tall and real pretty too; I wish I were."

Lilly sat down smiling; the smile vanished, however, when a boy in a sailor suit appeared.

"Come, Lil," he said; "mother wants you; hurry up, too, for she has a lot of company and maybe they will stay to tea."

"Oh, dear!" said Lilly with a frown; "it's so provoking; now Krippy will get hers done first."

"No, I won't; I'll wait," said Krippy, "and if you need me over at the house you whistle and I'll come."

"I won't stay," said Lilly; "I will see what mother wants and run right back."

"Will you?" asked her brother.

"Harold Dayton, you needn't tease," said Lilly; "it's a pity you were not a girl and had to do hateful, mean housework."

Lilly went across the meadow with her pretty face looking very, very stern.

Harold threw himself down on the soft pine needles and chatted with his sister's friend.

Harold was fourteen and did not care much for girls, but Krippy was so funny and so often at the house he did not mind her much.

"Do you get snappy like that when John teases you?" he asked.

"He never teases me; perhaps I should if he did."

Harold was silent a moment.

"What do you do up there at the farm all day when you have vacation?" he asked, determined to entertain or be entertained by Krippy.

"I am ever so busy," said she; "sometimes I wish we had longer days."

"When Lil doesn't know what to do with herself! And then she comes up to my den over the shed and teases me when I want to draw. I am getting ready for a prize, you know."

"Why don't Lilly have a den, too?"

"Oh, she can't; she's a girl, you know, and I fixed this all up myself; it used to be full of barrels and boxes. Father said I might have it; and I have a bolt on the door, and Lil gets raving mad when I won't let her in."

Krippy dropped her flowers and looked him in the face.

"I think, Harold Dayton," she said, "I would not have such a brother as you for all the world. John would not treat me so, and he is in college. He made a table all for me and fitted a little drawer in it for my pencils, and we have lovely times."

Harold pulled the pine needles together in a pile, and looked ashamed of himself. Krippy was a good little thing, and he did not enjoy her scorn.

"You might have nice times, too," said Krippy, "if you would. I know Lilly gets lonesome, and she could keep your den in order. John says he couldn't get along without me, and I know I couldn't without him."

Just then a whistle was heard, and Krippy sprang up, exclaiming, "There's John; he didn't stop long at the post-office, and now I must go home with him. Please give these flowers to Lilly for me, and tell her I could not wait."

A young man drove up by the roadside in an open buggy and peered under the pines.

"Ready, Krippy?" he asked, "or do you want to visit a little longer, and let me drive down for you this evening?"

"I will go now, John," said Krippy. "They have company over to Mrs. Dayton's and Lilly was called in. I daresay the baby is awake, and Angie will need me. Good bye, Harold; come up to the farm soon, and I will show you our den—it is the nicest place about the house."

"I'll come," said Harold.

"Do," said John, "and bring Lilly with you. Krippy and I have little spreads now and then for particular friends."

Harold bade them good bye and picked up the flowers.

"Krippy is queer," he said to himself, "but I like her; she doesn't get cross very often, and I think it's too bad for her to spend all her vacation tending Angie's baby."

Krippy's sister was married and lived in the old homestead. Her mother had died several years before, and John, who was working his way through college, insisted on keeping a little home spot to fly to when tired of city life.

He was a kind, loving brother, but slow to see little things. Angie was always pleasant to him, and he could not understand that overwork and the care of two little ones made her irritable and often unjust to Krippy.

It was a hard life for the little girl when John was away. When school was out she must walk over a mile to reach the house, and at the end of it either baby or little David would need her care.

Mrs. Dayton mourned over the little girl in secret, and often thought she was overworked.

Angie did not mean to be unkind; but cooking, washing, ironing, and the babies exhausted her strength and patience every day, and willing Krippy carried burdens too heavy for her young shoulders.

"John," said she, as they were going home, "is it a great thing to be a missionary?"

"In some cases," said her brother. "I have known little missionaries who never left their native town."

"I should think they could not do much good there."

"Indeed they do; here is my little sister who is a missionary in every respect, and a faithful one, too; Parson Long never mentioned her name, the papers never speak of her self-denial, but her big brother knows that her pet books are hidden, her days devoted to crying babies, and her childhood a kind of grown-up affair."

"Oh, John," said Krippy, with a little gasp, "I thought you didn't know; I don't mind very much only when Angie frets, and then I have to cry and wish you were here."

Krippy was crying now, it was such a delight to find John thinking of her and to be sure he knew that it was hard and lonely for her sometimes. John put one arm about her and drew the little sun-bonnet on his shoulder.

"Do you really want to be a missionary, Pussy?" he said.

"No, John; some one else does."

John whistled.

"Well, little sister, let us make a bargain; we must go on doing as we have done for a little while longer; when I leave college I shall go to work and I can then call for my share of the old farm; until then we must wait and work, and I will speak to Angie about making things easier for you."

"Please don't, John; oh, you mustn't; she thought I was lazy because I did not want to carry baby, but it makes such a dreadful pain in my side, and he is so heavy."

John whistled again.

"Krippy," he said, after Old Mears had trotted on for half-a-mile, "how would you like to board in the village this winter and not go so far to school?"

"Ever so much," she answered, eagerly, lifting her patient little face to his.

It suddenly clouded, however, and she said: "No, John, it would never be right; Angie is our sister and she needs me, and Davie would cry for me; no, I must stay here."

"You would have more time to study and a chance to grow," said John, "and I have no doubt Mrs. Churchill would take you; we will think it over for a day or two."

The next morning Harold and Lilly came to spend the day, bringing with them a large basket of lunch and a present for the baby; Mrs. Dayton knew very well how many cares Angie had, and although John had urged her to let the children come, she wished to make it as pleasant as possible.

Harold was charmed with their "den," and at once announced his intention of arranging a similar one at home. Lilly repeated her surprise and dismay concerning the amount of work performed by Krippy, and in school-girl fashion declared that she "would not be nurse-girl for two horrid babies, sister or no sister."

"Missionaries have to do all kinds of disagreeable things," said Krippy, gently.

"But they have the fun of travel and are famous, and get talked about in the churches," said Lilly.

"And die like other people, having done their duty," said John, half laughing.

"John is going to be a doctor," said Krippy, "and he will do his duty, I know."

"Let us hope so," said her brother.

It was a charming day for all. John kindly put away his books and went with the children to a little clump of trees down by a brook which ran through the farm. Krippy wished to carry both children, but John objected, and Angie remarked that she could manage somehow if Davie was taken out of her way.

In the very middle of the feast, while John was telling a funny story, Davie screamed to go home, and would not permit any one to touch him but Krippy, and the little girl was at last obliged to leave her friends, and carry the naughty boy home to his mother.

"I think it is too bad," said Lilly: "poor Krippy never gets a chance to have a good time like the rest of us."

"It is hard," said John, looking after the little figure toiling on through the grass with rebellious Davie, "but her duty lies here just now, and perhaps all this training will make her a grander, better woman."

When Krippy returned, she did not tell John that Angie was cross, and thought they did not try to amuse the child; but she threw herself down on the grass, and rested her little brown cheek lovingly on her brother's hand.

"Dear little girl," said he "we will both think of the good times we hope to have, and that will help us over the hard places now."

That night when John Sweet drove Old Mears, the family horse, over the road to carry his young guests home, Krippy was so bright and happy, Harold remarked that he did not know she could be so funny; and after the good-nights were said, and Old Mears was trotting homeward with the brother and sister, Lilly Dayton crept close to her mother's side and whispered, "Mother, I don't believe I shall ever again grumble, and feel cross when you ask me to arrange the table, or dust. You ought to see how much poor Krippy has to do, and she has neither father nor mother to love or pet her."

"And do you still think it is necessary to go abroad to be a missionary, my darling?"

"No, mamma. I think I shall learn to do little things patiently, like Krippy Sweet."

The next day a great pounding was heard in Harold's den, and Lilly was called up to see the improvements. Mrs. Dayton added a trifle or two, and Mr. Dayton presented the young proprietors with some new drawing pencils, and a liberal supply of paper.

When Krippy came down to spend the day not long after, Harold insisted on presenting her with a portion of his treasures, "for you know," said he, with a roguish smile, "I never should have thought of fixing up if it hadn't been for you," and dear little Krippy went home with a smiling face under her old-fashioned sunbonnet, and was quite willing to rock fractious Davie for an hour, when she had so many pleasant things to think of.

She did not go to the village to board, although kind Mrs. Churchill urged it, and John hated to leave her all winter. Angie was very cross when it was proposed, and Davie cried so hard, Krippy said "she would not mind it very much;" and there she is today, getting up early to "help about" before she takes her long morning walk to the schoolhouse, and no one has better lessons, or is more beloved by teacher and pupils than the little rosy-cheeked orphan, Krippy Sweet.—*N. Y. Witness.*

OUR WANTS AND OUR WORK.

"I would like to have a real work to do, somewhere in this world!" said Emily Gray, coming in from the missionary meeting one Saturday afternoon.

"You don't mean to turn missionary, do you, Em?" exclaimed her brother Arthur, looking up from his books in sudden wonder as he spoke.

"N—no, I don't want to go away from home entirely," said Emily, doubtfully. "But I wish I could have some great, glorious work to do—something that could employ all my energies and yet leave me with you, mamma, dear," and she turned to her mother as she spoke.

Mrs. Gray smiled first and sighed afterwards. The smile was for her young daughter's enthusiasm—the sigh for her want of purpose and steadiness. But she only said pleasantly, "There is work ever ready and waiting for us all, dear, if we will but take it up."

Emily looked impatient and a little scornful.

"I've heard all that so often," she answered quickly, "and I don't think it has anything to do with me. What I want is, as I said first, a real, great work, something plainly marked out and just adapted to me—involving toil and trial and sacrifice, no doubt, but bearing fruit so abundantly that I should be cheered and comforted through all my sacrifices."

"Upon my word, mother, Em. is thinking of joining the missionaries, I know she is!" cried Arthur, with a look of well-acted alarm. "If I were you, mother, I'd shut her up till the fever passes off, for we can't let her go, you know."

"Don't be absurd, Arthur, I'm talking to mamma and I wish you wouldn't interrupt," said his sister, and Mrs. Gray added in a different tone:

"Don't tease, my boy; Emily is too much in earnest to like it, and I quite appreciate her desire to be useful."

"Well then, I'll help her to be useful," replied Arthur with more gravity. "Here is a piece of work. Look at this frightful rent in my 'Athletic Club' uniform jacket, Emily. Can't you mend it before Monday afternoon, sis? You'll have the satisfaction of doing a hard thing then."

And Arthur laughed again as he held out the dilapidated jacket. But Emily looked annoyed, and made no answer until her brother had left the room. Then turning to her mother she said more earnestly than ever:

"You do understand me, don't you, mamma? You know that I am capable of effort, and that I would not hesitate at any hardship in the way of my duty. Only, I want something better than this petty round of daily drudgeries—this darning and patching for Arthur and the boys, or making puddings and cakes, or keeping the little ones quiet—it is all so tiresome, and it has to be done right over again, day after day."

"That has been my experience of all life's duties, my child," said Mrs. Gray gently. "They all must be 'done right over again, day after day' as you say, and in that very repetition is found the education they give us. Patience, thoroughness, system, all these and more, we learn through the monotonous routine

of every-day cares and duties. I am quite sure that—but hark! was not that Bridget's voice? I told her to call me when the fire was good, for I must preserve those plums this afternoon. I'm afraid they won't keep till Monday," and Mrs. Gray folded up her work, and took her large apron out of the closet as she talked.

Emily heard her mother's words with a sharp, uneasy consciousness that here was something for her to do if she chose. But she hated "kitchen work," as she called everything in the way of cooking, and though she was fond of inviting company to enjoy the dainties of their well-spread table, she was always unwilling to assist in the preparation of those dainties. So now, as usual, she silenced her conscience as it whispered that her mother was tired and needed help, and taking up the book which she was reading just then—"Society and Solitude" chose a comfortable chair and was soon deep in enjoyment of Emerson.

An hour passed unnoted, and then a sudden hubbub arose. The door of the sitting-room flew open, and Jack, Emily's second brother, aged twelve, appeared with a pale face and a hand streaming with blood.

"Oh! Em, can't you help me?" began the boy, "won't you get some rags or salve or something, quick! My, how it bleeds!" winding his pocket handkerchief closer as he spoke. But Emily only covered her face with her hands and screamed:

"Oh, Jack, how dreadful! Go to mamma, do, I can't bear the sight of blood, it makes me sick, and you'll bleed to death, I'm sure! Run, Jacky, run to mamma, she's in the kitchen—hurry!" and after one look of disgust and a muttered exclamation that "Em. never was good for anything when you wanted her," Jack went.

Once more Emily felt uncomfortable, and somehow her book had lost its charm. She threw it down and went to her room to smooth her hair for tea, and on the stairs she met Bridget, flying down in headlong haste, with a roll of old linen in her hand. It was for Jack's wounded hand, she knew, but she said not a word.

Arrived in her room she found her new cashmere dress, which had been sent home during her absence. Emily was a very pretty girl, and she was fond of pretty clothes. This new dress of navy blue was just to her taste. It fitted perfectly, and once on she felt that she must wear it to tea. But just as the last fold was adjusted and the last bow in place, her mother's voice was heard, calling from the foot of the stairs: "Emily, can't you come and put the preserves into the jars? They are all ready now."

"Oh, mamma, I'm all dressed in my new cashmere, and I hate to come into the kitchen with it," she answered hastily. "Couldn't you leave them in the safe until morning? I could do it then."

"You forget that to-morrow will be Sunday," said Mrs. Gray, adding in a moment, "Never mind, I can manage it; you needn't come down."

"Why don't you let Bridget finish the plums, mamma? I'm sure she could, and you might as well rest yourself." But her mother had gone back to the kitchen and shut the door without answering, so Emily concluded that she had not heard her last suggestion. While she was yet considering she saw Arthur coming in with a letter which he held up for her to see."

"It's for you, Em., from your confidential chum," he called out, and Emily rushed down and out in the porch to secure her welcome letter. Carrying it back to her room she read it with all the delight and interest with which a young girl of sixteen always reads a letter from "her dearest friend." Twice she went over the closely written pages, then, seizing her writing desk, she began an immediate answer. Absorbed in her task, Emily covered sheet after sheet of note-paper, without noticing that the tea hour had long passed. When at length the bell summoned her to the evening meal she was surprised to see that the hands of her little clock were pointing to seven instead of six.

"Why, did you know, mamma, that tea is a whole hour late to-night?" she asked as she took her seat. Looking at her mother as she spoke, Emily observed that she was very pale, and that she still wore her morning wrapper. She answered wearily:

"Yes, I know we are very late, but I could not help it. I had not even time to change my dress."

"It's too bad, mother!" Arthur broke in. "I wish I hadn't picked those plums this week, and then you couldn't have tired yourself out preserving them. I do wish you could get a —missionary, to help you sometimes. Don't you, Em.?" with a sudden significant glance at his sister.

Emily's face flushed angrily, but she made no reply, and soon after she went back to her room, where her unfinished letter was waiting. And this was the last sentence she had written:

"Yes, dear Helena, I long as you do, to be about my life-work—to take my place in the conflict, to draw nearer day by day to the lofty aims we long ago set for ourselves. But alas! dear friend, life is so commonplace, so unheroic—and I feel so deeply the want of congenial companionship, like your own, to encourage my drooping heart. It is strange, is it not, that one meets with so little comprehension or sympathy from one's own family? Mamma is always quoting a line about "the trivial round, the common task," but I look higher than that. I cannot grovel, dear, I must soar—soar onward and upward, above grovelling commonplace, into realms—"

And as Emily took up her pen to finish her letter, she heard her mother saying in the hall:

"Oh, dear, I must see that the children have their Saturday night bath, and I am so tired!"

And Emily wrote six pages more before she went to bed.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"LITTLE THINGS."

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

"I like my nephew very much, and think he is just the boy I want."

The speaker was Mr. John Graham, a merchant in one of our large cities. The person to whom he spoke was his brother, who had come on a visit from the West, bringing with him the nephew of whom the remark with which I have begun this little story was made.

"I want a boy whose word can be relied on every time, and one I can trust with money. I have had several clerks whom I could not trust, and I begin to think it's a hard matter to get one that suits in all ways. From what I have seen of Harry I feel sure I can depend on him every time. He seems to be a manly little fellow."

"Harry is a manly boy," his father said with pride, as he looked toward the lad, who was waiting on the croquet ground for his uncle to join him in a game. "I have brought him up to be honest and truthful- I do not think I ever knew a boy whose word I could put more implicit confidence in than his. If I leave him with you, John, I hope you will be careful to see that the examples he has put before him are good ones. It is not only easy, but quite natural, for a boy to imitate the conduct of those about him. He does it unconsciously, often; and if that conduct is not what it ought to be, he soon gets into bad habits."

"Oh, you may feel easy on that score, Dick!" answered his brother. "If Harry comes into the store, I shall have him near me most of the time; and you can trust me, can't you? I think you know what my habits are well enough to feel safe in leaving him to my especial care."

"Yes, I think I do," answered the other. "I want my boy to grow up an honest, truthful man, and I certainly would not leave him with you if I did not have confidence in your ability to set him an example."

His brother joined Harry on the croquet ground, and they began their game. The boy and his uncle were very fond of the game, and both played to win. Harry's father had no fault to find with that. It was what he liked to see. He wanted his boy, in work or play, to go into it with his whole heart, and do the very best he could. But he did not want him to be so desirous of winning as to stoop to the use of unfair means. He wanted him to win honestly and fairly, or not at all. As he watched the game, he saw several performances that startled him. More than once, when his ball was out of position for its wicket, he saw his brother move it until it was in position. Harry detected the cheat once or twice, and told his uncle that he had moved his ball. Without saying, in so many words, that he had not moved it, his uncle managed to convey that idea, and the play would go on. Harry made a skillful run and struck for the last wicket, but hit the wire and the ball bounded back, stopping in such a shape that it would have been impossible for him to have driven it through when his play came if he had not moved it a few inches. When his uncle was playing, he gave it a push with his mallet, and succeeded in getting it into such a position that, when his play came, he ran the wicket, and hit the post.

"You moved your ball, didn't you?" said his uncle; "I saw where it stopped, and thought that I had the advantage of you, as you would have to take one stroke to get into position, and that would throw the game into my hands."

But Harry protested, without telling what might be called a "square lie,"—though it was that in fact, and nothing less,—that he had not meddled with his ball, and his uncle gave up as having been mistaken.

"Come here, Harry, I want to talk with you," his father said; and Harry came and sat down on the steps, while his uncle went off to the stables.

"Do you feel satisfied with the way in which you won that game?" Harry's father asked.

The boy's face flushed. "No, I don't," he said; "but Uncle John cheated, and I had to, or I wouldn't have stood any chance at all."

"Does a dishonest action on the part of another justify one on your part?" asked his father gravely.

"You don't call Uncle John dishonest,—do you?" asked Harry, in surprise.

"Yes; what else could you call it?" asked his father. "Dishonesty is dishonesty in work or play. He cheated. He stole an advantage. He really denied having done so. You did the same. Can you call your conduct anything but stealing, and telling a lie to cover up the theft?"

"No," answered Harry, after a moment's thought, "But I didn't think it could be so very bad, because—because—"

"Because what?" asked his father, as Harry hesitated.

"Because Uncle John's a member of the church, and I didn't think he'd cheat and—and deny it, if it was wrong. It was only croquet, anyway, and that's why he did it, probably. If it had been anything else—"

"That is no excuse for him or for you," his father said. "It was the example that I looked at. Dishonesty is dishonesty, as I said, in play as well as work. If you can justify it when you are merely amusing yourself, you certainly will justify it when there is anything to be gained by it. If you cheat at one thing it is quite likely you will cheat at another. If you tell a lie about your play, you will be apt to tell one about your work. You see what it leads to. It's the beginning of greater things. A little cheat or theft, and a little lie, prepares the way for larger ones which will be very sure to follow."

"I think you're right," Harry said. "In fact, I know you are, when I come to think of it. But I didn't think it could be so bad, because Uncle John did it."

"Never do anything because some one else does it," said his father. "Ask yourself if it is right or wrong, and let your conscience guide you."

That night the brothers were sitting in the library together.

"I shall not leave Harry here," Mr. Graham said. "Shall I tell you why, John?"

"Yes, certainly," answered his brother.

"Well, I'm afraid I can't trust you to set him an example!"

"Can't trust me?" Mr. Graham faced about in great surprise. "What do you mean, Dick?"

His brother told him about the talk he had had with Harry over the morning game of croquet.

"But that was nothing but a game of croquet," said the merchant. "You don't mean to say you think I'd cheat or lie about my business,—do you?"

"No, I don't," answered his brother. "You have formed honest business habits, I think. You formed them years ago, and they have become part of yourself. But with Harry it is different. He is a boy and more easily influenced than you are. He is susceptible to all impressions. Unfair play at croquet would not end there. He would not be expected to reason that cheating or stealing, or taking unfair advantage of another,—call it what you choose to,—is allowable only in croquet. He would not be expected to reason that cheating or stealing, or taking unfair advantage of another,—call it what you choose to,—is allowable only in croquet. He would form the habit of cheating, and that habit would make itself felt in all his transactions. If a boy becomes accustomed to lying in a game, do you suppose he will never lie about anything else? A habit, once formed, reaches out into all the avenues of a man's life.

"The playground is the world in miniature, and as the boy receives impressions there, and forms habits, so will the world of work into which he is to go by and by find the man to be. Boys are imitative. They do not discriminate as men do. They follow our examples. If they have faith in us, they think they can do as we do, and never stop to ask whether it is right or wrong. It was so with Harry. He did feel, however, in a vague way, that there was a moral wrong involved; but because you were a church-member, and he had faith in you, he did not think there could be anything really bad about it. Don't you see the force of your example? It dulled the boy's sense of honor and right. It was a seed which might have borne bitter fruit. The child is father of the man, they tell us, and truly. If Harry learned to cheat at croquet, and to lie about it, he would not hesitate to do the same in business; and the boy who grows up to manhood with those habits fixed upon him is on the road to ruin. What was done to-day may have been a trifling thing it itself, but it was laying a foundation for a structure of dishonesty, and I felt startled when I saw how readily Harry imitated your example. Don't you understand how it weakened his faith in your principle of honesty and fairness, and blunted his own perceptions of what was right and wrong? He could do it because you did it, and he took it for granted that you were a better judge of the moral questions involved than he was. It was the principle of dishonesty that he was learning; and this principle would have taken root in his heart, and flourished, and what the result would have been God only knows."

"I do see it," his brother answered, "but I never thought of it in that way before. I ought to ask Harry's pardon for what was done thoughtlessly, and I will. Of course I knew it wasn't right, but I thought it was 'only a game of croquet,' and never took the trouble to think anything more about it."

Ah, that's it! Only a "little thing," and we think no further! If we did, we might set the world a better example than we do.—*S. S. Times.*

The Lord's portion is his people.

DEUT. 32: 9.

Question Corner.—No. 21.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

241. Who was high priest when Hannah took Samuel to the Temple?
242. Who were the sons of Eli, and for what were they noted?
243. A man of God was sent at this time to tell Eli that he was to be punished for the wickedness of his sons. What was the punishment to be?
244. By whom did the Lord again speak to Eli?
245. What important event took place soon after the Lord appeared to Samuel?
246. What did the Israelites do at the battle at Ebenezer that they had never done before?
247. What was the result of this battle?
248. What caused the death of Eli?
249. To what place did the Philistines first take the ark?
250. What happened when the ark was set up in this place?
251. To what city was it next sent?
252. How was it returned to the Israelites?

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.

What child brought honor to his mother's name?
What father by misrule brought ill-fame?
Another contrast Scripture brings to view,—
A son rebellious and a daughter true.
A country and a valley here are given,
As types respectively of hell and heaven.
Two sacred mountains and a garden see,
Which plainly prove our article to thee.
And now our search more striking contrast brings,—
The prince of demons with the King of kings.
Two precious titles we must here combine,
Which speak our Jesus human and divine.
Two of His twelve disciples now behold,
One doubting, timorous, one fearless, bold.
A country where one righteous man was found.
A city where iniquities abound.
The sinful mother of our fallen race,
The mother of the seed redeemed by grace.

These *initials* form a command of our Saviour which our young freinds delight to heed as they solve these Bible puzzles.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 19.

217. The captain of the army of Jabin, king of Canaan, Judges iv. 7.
218. See Judges iv. 18, 21.
219. The Midianites, Judges vi. 1.
220. Gideon.
221. Threshing wheat by a winepress to hide it from the Midianites, Judges, vi. 11.
222. Three hundred, Judges vii. 2, 6.
223. See Judges vii. 19, 25.
224. The tribe of Ephraim, Judges vii. 24, 25.
225. Jephthah.
226. Because he delivered the Israelites out of the hands of the Ammonites, Judges xi. 9, 10.
227. Six years, Judges xii. 7.
228. Samson.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Aaron's rod.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 19.—Andrew Hill, 11; Henry A. Lunan, 10.

To No. 18.—Fred C. Stewart, 12; harry W. Gowen, 12, sr.; Henry A. Lunan, 11; Mary C. Blow, 11.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1879, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XLIV.

NOVEMBER 2.]

THE PERFECT PATTERN.—1 Pet. 2:19-25.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 19-20.

19. For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully.

20. For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.

21. For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps:

22 Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth:

23. Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously:

24. Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.

25. For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth.—1 Peter 2:22

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Suffering saints find comfort in Christ.

STEPS TO THE LESSON.—The Apostle first shows the nature and use of trials to Christians and then urges them to be followers and worthy exemplars of the doctrine of Jesus Christ.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—By this chapter young Christians may learn that in the Word of God are to be found instructions and directions for their guidance in the daily duties of life, not merely in respect to spiritual things, but also in regard to temporal things.

NOTES.—PETER—rock. Simon Peter, son of Jonas, and a fisherman of Bethsaida; one of the foremost of the twelve apostles; denied his Lord, repented, was forgiven; preached on the day of Pentecost and 3,000 were converted; was put in prison for preaching the gospel, and miraculously delivered; is said to have preached to the Jews in Asia Minor, probably after Paul's ministry there had ended, and to these he wrote this Epistle. PETER. EPISTLE OF. THE AUTHOR was the Apostle Peter. THE TIME when it was written is fixed by Alford at about 63 A.D.; by Smithey Loathes at about 63 A.D. OBJECT.—It was written to the churches of Asia Minor to comfort them in trial; give special directions in their daily duties, and warn them to continue in the faith of the Gospel.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) IN WELL-DOING. (II.) IN PATIENT SUFFERING.

I. IN WELL-DOING. (19.) THANKWORTHY, graceful, praiseworthy; CONSCIENCE TOWARD GOD, a real feeling of the presence of God in his soul; ENDURE GRIEF, or "trials" which others bring on him WRONGFULLY. (20.) WHAT GLORY, what credit; BUFFETED, boxed beaten; ACCEPTABLE, graceful. It is the same Greek word as "thankworthy" in v. 19.

II. IN PATIENT SUFFERING. (21.) HEREUNTO, to this patient endurance of trials; CALLED, some to whom Peter wrote were servants or slaves when converted; AN EXAMPLE, or "a writing copy" as masters wrote a copy for their pupils. (22.) GUILE, "a common sin of servants" (*Fausset*); REVILED, not a proof of patience. (23.) THREATENED NOT, recall Christ's conduct before Pilate. COMMITTED HIMSELF, his cause. (24.) BORE, carried, offered up; ON THE TREE, the cross. (25.) GOING ASTRAY, and therefore lost; BISHOP, one who oversees.

What do we learn—

1. As to the kind of patient endurance which is praiseworthy before God?

2. Respecting the person we are to follow?

3. The work he has done for us?

LESSON XLV.

NOVEMBER 9.]

THE PERFECT SAVIOUR.—1 John 1: 1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 7-9.

1. That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life;

2. (For the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us;)

3. That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

4. And these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full.

5. This then is the message which we have heard of him and declare unto you, that God is light and in him is no darkness at all.

6. If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness we lie and do not the truth:

7. But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

8. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

9. If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

10. If we say that we have not sinned we will make him a liar, and his word is not in us.

STEPS TO THE LESSON.—As a proper introduction to this lesson and to this epistle, read the first fourteen verses of the Gospel according to John.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John 1: 7.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

There is complete cleansing for sinners.

NOTES.—JOHN—grace of God, or whom Jehovah bestows. A prominent apostle, sometimes called "the beloved disciple," a "son of thunder," and "the Divine." He was the son of Zebedee, probably of Bethsaida, and a fisherman. His father was probably a man of some wealth. According to tradition his mother was a daughter of Joseph (Mary's husband) by a former wife; if so she was half-sister to Jesus, and John was the nephew of the Lord. John resided in Jerusalem and in Ephesus, was banished to Patmos, returned to Ephesus, where he died about 100 A.D. JOHN, EPISTLE OF, written by the apostle and author of the Gospel of John. Some suppose it was written from Ephesus, others from Judea or from Patmos. The time when it was written is equally uncertain. The design is clear, and it was intended for all Christians.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) CHRIST'S LIFE FOR US. (II.) OUR LIFE IN CHRIST.

I. CHRIST'S LIFE FOR US, (1.) FROM THE BEGINNING, see John 1: 1; HAVE HEARD . . . HAVE SEEN, notice the climax; seeing is more than hearing, and 'looking upon' more than to see, handling more than looking on a thing; WORD OF LIFE, that is our Lord; BEAR WITNESS, Jesus said his disciples were witnesses for him, John 21: 24; MANIFESTED, laid open, made clear. (3.) DECLARE WE, so they were commanded to do; FELLOWSHIP, as apostles and witnesses. (4.) YOUR JOY, or 'our joy,' compare the similar words of Jesus, John 15: 11.

II. OUR LIFE IN CHRIST. (5.) WALK IN DARKNESS, that is, in sin. (7.) WALK IN THE LIGHT that is, with Christ; FELLOWSHIP, see 1 John 3: 10; CLEANSETH US, forgives and puts away our sin, see v. 9. (8.) WE SIN, none are without sin, James 3: 2; TRUTH, truth of God, truth in regard to sin. (9.) CONFESS, not merely with the tongue outwardly, but from the heart; FAITHFUL, to his promises; JUST, in that Christ has satisfied the law. (10.) MAKE HIM, this is the end of such a self-conceited course, for God declares of all men that they have sinned.

From this lesson state—

1. Three proofs given by the apostle that Jesus is our Saviour.

2. Three ways in which Christians may deceive themselves and speak what is untrue.

3. One way by which our sins may be forgiven.

ILLUSTRATION.—*Duty of Obedience.* Implicit obedience to our first duty to God and one for which nothing else will compensate. If a lad as a boot is bidden to oppose and chooses to write a copy instead, the goodness of the writing will not save him from censure. We must obey, whether we see the reason or not; for God knows best. A guide through an unknown country must be followed without demur. A captain, in coming up the Humber or Southampton water, yields complete authority to the pilot. A soldier in battle must fight when and where he is ordered; after the conflict is over he may reflect upon and perceive the wisdom of his commander in movements that at the time of their execution were perplexing. The farmer must obey God's natural laws of the seasons, if he would raise a harvest; and we must all obey God's spiritual laws, if we would reap happiness here and hereafter.

JESUS OUR LIFE. LIGHT. SAVIOUR.

AN ENGLISH MOCKING-BIRD.

I remember on one occasion spending a most pleasant hour in listening to a musical entertainment, the sole performer being a male wheatear, who was perfectly unaware of the fact that he had a human auditor within a few yards of his *al fresco* stage. He was trying hard to acquire a perfect mastery of the redshank's note, and his patience and assiduity were most praiseworthy. But unfortunately he had got the call of the ringed-plover very strongly in his head and in his throat, and many rehearsals were necessary before he was able to distinguish properly between the two. He would begin quite correctly with the redshank's note, and then wander off into that of the ringed plover. Not disheartened by repeated failures, he would try again, generally with the same result. At length, however he succeeded to his entire satisfaction; and then, as if to test the measure of his skill, he repeated the call-notes of both redshank and ringed-plover alternately half a dozen times without making a single mistake. Thereafter he hopped off his perch, regaled himself with a slight luncheon, and addressed a few casual observations in his own proper language to his wife, of which, however, she took not the slightest notice. Finding his musical efforts unappreciated at home, and having nothing particular to do, he came back to his former position, and resumed the redshank song again. He had it now pat; and having satisfied himself that such was the case, he went off into excellent imitations of other birds.

On many occasions I have heard the wheatear copy the call-notes of the golden plover, dunlin, peewit, rock-lark, mountain linnet, chaffinch, and a host of others, besides attempting with fair success the "wild bravura" of the curlew, the softer note of the whimbrel, and the shrill screaming of the oyster-catcher. I do not know what the little artist might be capable of if brought up in a cage and trained as bullfinches are. I am happy in never having seen a wheatear in a wire prison, and I certainly have no wish or desire to meet with one of the blithesome little birds in any such sad plight.—*Leisure Hour.*

1880.

A review of the history of the WEEKLY WITNESS for the last eight years is full of encouragement. In 1871 only eight thousand copies were sent to subscribers; this year over twenty-eight thousand are issued. There has been an increase every year, with but one exception. The following is the order, the figures being those at the end of September in each year; In 1871, 8,000; 1872, 9,000; 1873, 11,000; 1874, 15,300; 1875, 22,000; 1876, 25,000; 1877, 23,500; 1878, 26,200; 1879, 28,200. Can we not this year hope for a repetition of the increase of 1874 or 1875. In the former year 4,300 names were added to our lists, and in the latter very nearly 7,000, or 11,000 in the two years, exactly doubling the list. Last year was a very good one, there being, notwithstanding the "hard times," a solid increase of two thousand subscribers. A year ago we needed 11,000 subscribers to reach the 37,000 necessary to reduce the price of the WEEKLY to the round sum of ONE DOLLAR. This year the list will only have to be increased by 9,000 names to obtain that much-desired result. Will our friends work for it this year as they did in 1874 and 1875. In these two years they doubled the circulation. They can now double it again if they try, thus giving the WEEKLY WITNESS a circulation of FIFTY-SIX THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED COPIES. In that case they can depend upon it that no effort will be spared to give the subscribers full value. The number desired can be reached by each subscriber obtaining one more.

The progress of the NORTHERN MESSENGER has been even more wonderful than that of the WEEKLY WITNESS. In 1873 it had but 12,000 subscribers, and in the following year 15,000. Then in 1875 it made a most remarkable jump to 27,000, that is nearly doubling its subscription list in one year; and the following year again jumped to 50,000, nearly four times what it was two years before. But the good times are not all in the past. We expect even greater things in the future. Will our friends make 1880 the most memorable year yet for a great increase.

THE SECRET OF CHEAP PAPERS.

People often wonder why the WEEKLY WITNESS is so cheap compared with so many other papers. This is the secret. There are three leading items of expenses in a newspaper, the editorial labor, the type-setting, and the paper. The first two are the same no matter how many copies of a paper are printed. Now, suppose that the editorial labor on a paper costs $100, and the type-setting $100, and but one sheet is printed, the cost of the paper being one cent; then this one paper costs $200.01. Now, suppose one thousand copies were printed. The account would stand as follows: editorial labor, $100; composition, $100; paper, 1,000 sheets, at one cent a sheet, or $10, a total cost for the thousand of $210, or, 21 cents each, roughly speaking, one-thousanth part of the former price. The account for 10,000 copies would stand as follows: editorial, $100; type-setting, $100; paper, $100; a total of $300, which divided amongst 10,000 persons would be three cents each. Now suppose there are 30,000. The account would be: editorial, $100; type-setting, $100; paper, $300; total, $500, or a little more than a cent and a half each. Thus the paper that costs two hundred dollars and one cent to one subscriber, or twenty-one cents to each one of a thousand, costs but a cent and a half to each one of thirty thousand subscribers. In this calculation the expenses of mailing, printing, and the important source of revenue from advertisements are not included but if they had been, would be still more in favor of the larger circulation.

These facts act in two ways. It is impossible for newspaper publishers to sell goods at less than cost; therefore if one has but a circulation of a thousand, he must reduce the editorial work and composition, so as to make the cost of his paper come within his income, that is, bring it down from $200 to about $20. This is commonly done through the medium of using large type, supplying the reading matter by means of the scissors alone, setting advertisements like posters, and filling the columns full of them, whether paid for or not, thus reducing the value of the paper to the reader to a very low point indeed. The WITNESS has made it the rule all along to increase the value of the paper according to the increased number of subscribers, and intends to follow out that plan in future, and thus, in urging its readers to work for the good of the country in promoting the circulation of the WITNESS, urges them at the same time to work for themselves.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHAT A POSTAL CARD WILL BUY.

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From 20 to 100 sample copies of the NORTHERN MESSENGER AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION (assorted numbers) will be sent free to any Sunday-school making application through one of its officials, by Postal Card, or in other manner; the number to be asked for corresponding to the number of families in the school.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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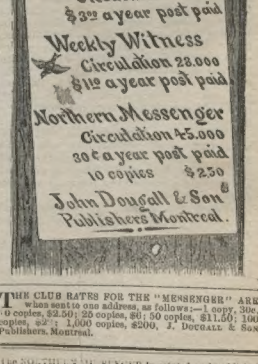

THE CLUB RATES FOR THE "MESSENGER" ARE when sent to one address, as follows:—1 copy, 30c. 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11.50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200, J. DOUGALL & SON Publishers, Montreal.

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